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# ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ ΨΕΥΔΟΜΑΝΤΙΣ.

BY

(FRA GLI ARCADI)

## AURISCO GERESTEO.

K

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Infelix gemino cecidit prope Pergamus igni,  
Et pene est alio TROJA cremata rogo.

SULPIC. APOLL.

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————— Io sarò tua guida,  
E trarrotti di qui, per luogo eterno,  
Ov' udirai le disperate strida,  
Vedrai gli antichi spiriti dolenti.

DANTE, DELL' INFERNO. — Canto primo. 113.

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O pulcrum Nemesim! O venusta fata!  
O dulcem ac lepidum, Marine! luctum!  
Dignum versiculis facetiis que,  
Dignum perpetuo joco atque risu.

SANNAZAR. ad MARIN. CARAC.

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ΚΑΤΑΛΟΓΟΣ ΤΩΝ ΕΚΔΟΣΕΩΝ

ΕΤΗΣΙΑ ΕΚΔΟΣΗ

ΕΤΗΣΙΑ ΕΚΔΟΣΗ





## ERRATA.

Page 1, *for* δυσασθμαινων, *read*, and Ajax Oileus ασθμαινων.

Page 27, l. 411, *for* shoulder, *read*, shoulders.

Page 53, l. 847, *for* throng, *read* thong.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HOMER (*muta persona.*)

CASSANDRA.

*Chorus of Egyptians.*

ACHILLES.

HECUBA.

HELEN.

PARIS.

PRIAM.

*The PARCÆ.*

BUONAPARTE, *and his wounded Egyptians.*

MARSEILLOIS.

LYNCEUS.

ZOILUS.

*Chorus of Critics.*

*The* PROPHET.

*Chorus of Poets.*

HECTOR.

ÆNEAS.

LAOMEDON.

*Chorus of Grecians and Trojans.*

SCENE, HELL.

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## ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ ΨΕΤΔΟΜΑΝΤΙΣ.

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HOMER, attended by his Valets-de-Chambre, DAURAT, CESAROTTI, POPE, and an εἰδωλον. <sup>1</sup> DAURAT plucks the straggling Hairs from the Bard's Chin, kisses them as divine, and lays them by carefully; part on the History of SAMPSON'S Lock in a Family Bible; part among the Leaves of Homer bebraizing. CESAROTTI turns the Bard's Robe inside out, cuts out the Spots and Stains with a Venetian Stiletto, and patches it with the old Remnants of Baiutes and Dominoes, and the roba Arlecbinesca del teatro di Padoua<sup>2</sup>. POPE and the εἰδωλον quarrel about the Propriety of the Dress the Bard is to wear for the Day; the former offers him a light gay silken Gown, approved of by twelve Master Taylors<sup>3</sup>, and descants considerably, in Alexandrine Rhymes, upon the antique clumsiness of the Archipelagic Robe. The εἰδωλον damns him for a Fool, presents the Bard with his every-day Coat, and points to MILTON and OSSIAN<sup>4</sup>.

To them enter CASSANDRA, δυσασθμαινων.

CASSANDRA.

WEEP, bard divine! Oh! weep, thine honours lost—

Hark to yon shrieks on Charon's Stygian coast—

B

Haste—rouse the magic of thy heav'n-born lyre,  
 And charm to silence yon dread prophet's ire.—  
 Dauntless he stands, and thunders fate's decree,  
 That Troy, from Lethe rescued once by thee,  
 Shall die unpitied—all its glorious fame  
 To Troy unborn shall bow, and Egypt's better claim.  
 We, at the shiv'ring call, these realms must leave,  
 All former horrors in our turns to brave ;  
 Gods, heroes, heroines, fathers, mothers, all  
 Must act their parts in Memphian Ilium's fall.  
 And I, (who scorn'd Apollo's bribe divine,  
 Dishonor'd once at Pallas' sacred shrine)  
 Transported to Egypto-Trojan plain,  
 Must yield to Ajax' brutal lust again.—  
 Bard! to my spouse two royal youths I bare—  
 Save me from twins in vile Egyptian air.—  
 One comfort only soothes the coming pain,  
 Grecians and Gods<sup>5</sup> must feel their woes again.

*Enter the PTOLOMIES, CLEOPATRA, SENCHIS and PSENOPHIS<sup>6</sup>,  
MURAT and IBRAHIM BEY, &c. &c. with a Company of  
Egyptian Historians, Philosophers, and Travellers.*

*Chorus of Egyptians.*

To thee, O bard! we kneel, 20

Thy int'rest deep inspir'd we feel,

And pride and future prospects fire our breast.

Hear th' enchanted host

Of Memphian heroes boast

*Their* Thebes, *their* Troy. Oh! rise confess'd,

Rise, great bard! in Coptic glory.

No longer fought on Phrygian shores,

At petty streamlet's bubbling source,

Thy Troy shall burn near Nilus' splendid course;

And, midst our wilderness so wild 30

Of Hieroglyphic stores,



Critics shall trace thee, Fancy's child !

And Troy's immortal story.

Oh stay, ye Gallo-Roman armies ! stay ;

In classic land,

With Gothic hand,

Dash not to earth the tow'ring height

Of Egypt's obelisks <sup>7</sup>. Oh ye ! who hate

Ought that boasts divinity,

Let Rome with superstitious dread

40

Unto their holy summits bow ;

Far other zeal ye, classic worthies ! know.

See from 'mongst your learned throng,

Which love of plunder bribes along,

New Greaveses and new Kirchers rise ;

Bid them from Mincio's reedy wave

Our long lost Isiac table save <sup>8</sup>.—

Bid them Hermapion's pious frauds <sup>9</sup> despise.

Then thou, great bard ! shalt hail the glorious day



When Lotos' leaf or Apis' sculptur'd beaft

50

Shall prove thy genealogy;

Shall to thy Trojan heroes give

Illustration's sacred aid,

And bid thy Egyptian Iliad live,

With inward truth and vigour blest,

To all eternity.

[Exit HOMER smiling <sup>10</sup>, followed by the Egyptian Mob,  
who bear away CASSANDRA with a horrid Cry of  
"Θηβαι Αιγυπτιαι εκατομυλοι."]

Enter HECUBA, HECTOR, ACHILLES, PRIAM, HELEN, PARIS,

Ec. and a Grecian and Trojan Rabble.

ACHILLES.

O Jove! look down from thy ethereal throne,

Pity the troubled heart of Thetis' royal son.

[ 6 ]

HECUBA.

Oh! hear.—Of venerable Priam  
The miserable consort I am.

60

DUETTO.

ACHILLES *and* HECUBA.

Oh! hear, or we  
Condemned shall be,  
By prophet's rudest hand,  
To feel again  
Past woes and sorrows of the Trojan plain,  
On Egypt's torrid sand.

*Re-enter* CASSANDRA.

CASSANDRA.

Ye self-tormentors! cease your bawling;  
Ye heroines! your caterwauling.

What with Jove have ye to do ?

Does he command e'en Hades too ?

70

Far mightier pow'r than he possesses,

Invok'd <sup>11</sup>, must cure our new distresses.

—As once, on yonder hill retir'd <sup>12</sup>,

We sat, and ardently admir'd,

In social converse, all the bliss

Of heavenly contrivances,

The modes in which we spirits enjoy

This, now disturb'd, eternity,

And wondered how the Author 'gan

T' exist, and first created man ;

80

Till, in bewildering mazes lost,

Our lame conjectures found no coast

To rest a sure foundation on ;

A sage of science deep begun

To ease us from our sad suspense ;

And thus, from sure intelligence,

Taught us lore, that can release

From grief each Greek and Trojan face.

—Within the world's true center lies <sup>13</sup>

The Lord of all divinities :

90

He, in guise of aged man,

O'ergrown with filth, and pale and wan,

Sits cowering in his wooden bowl,

Dares Earth, and Heav'n, and Hell controul ;

And, from his self-chosen station,

Contemplates his vast creation.

Know ye the God in Greece rever'd,

Whose name pronounce no votary dar'd <sup>14</sup> ?

The same.—He sole o'er all presides,

And with eternal prescience guides

100

Our lives, our death : and his decree

Blest us with this felicity.

Mark me, heroes ! each prepare

Mementoes of the mighty war,

Its griefs and troubles undergone ;

And, on these banks of Acheron,

(The circuit of whose secret <sup>15</sup> waves

The confines of his mansion laves)



We'll charm the mighty stream to bear,  
To Dæmogorgon's holy care,

A cargo of our miseries:

110

Which when the God collected fees,  
His power will rouse, and soon destroy  
This lamentable prophecy.

—Come, thou solemn Queen of Troy!

With tales of past calamity;

<sup>16</sup> First broach thy store of female fears,

In plenteous torrents shed thy tears;

Thine and these heroes' mournful dole

Shall soften Dæmogorgon's foul.

120

HECUBA.

O spirit! hear.

Unless thy pow'r divine

The march of horrid prophecy withhold,

A second Ilium soon must smoke

Upon th' Egyptian plain.

C

And I, within my bed so warm<sup>17</sup>,  
 Must hear of fire the dread alarm,  
 And, 'stead of hat or cloak,  
 In the dark a blanket seize,  
 Scarce reaching to my shivering knees, 130  
 And shew my wither'd legs again  
 To prying eyes of many a Grecian bold.

ACHILLES.

Unless thy pow'r on Phrygian Troy  
 The seal of thy authority  
 Irrevocably fix,  
 Thetis must take me by the heel again,  
 And cram my mouth with damned juice of Styx.

HECUBA.

If fate severe  
 Dare rouse again enraged Juno's spite,  
 Oh! ne'er, Oh! ne'er, 140

The wand'rings of my progeny shall cease.  
 But, 'stead of founding Alba's infant tow'rs  
     In bed of sow and pigs so white,  
 It long may ambulate the world around,  
 And boast the gifts of Egypt's jaundic'd race.  
     Forbid it, Spirit! forbid it, Jove!  
 Oh! save the offspring of a Priam's love;  
     Oh! let me ne'er in misery see  
         All my royal progeny  
         In lousy tatters bound, 150  
 And gypsies vile yclepp'd. — Ye gods! that e'er  
 Troy's Queen her pains parturient should bear,  
     For such a vile prophetic crew,  
 As hordes of Gypsy Tom, or Bamfylde Moore Carew.

ACHILLES.

Unless thy mighty pow'r  
 O'erwhelm this horrid prophecy<sup>18</sup>,  
 Thetis again Ambrosia hot will bring,  
     And rub my carcase o'er;



Again on burning coals my flesh will finge<sup>19</sup>;  
 And, midst the bellowings of my piteous roar, 160  
     Will peep, and ardently salute  
 The proof of heavenly free-masonry.  
     Again to Chiron's savage care<sup>20</sup>  
     Will trust my immortality;  
 Till, plump'd with steak of rank Theſſalian bear,  
     Or vileſt marrow of carniv'rous brute,  
     Old Peleus, with prophetic ſong,  
 Boast of my future deeds, and hail my members ſtrong.

## HELEN.

    Though heroines and heroes pray  
 Thy pow'r, O Spirit! t' avert the fatal day  
     Of Troy's reiterated deſtiny; 170  
 For the ſweet proſpect of the joys I prov'd,  
 The ſoft endearments of the youth I lov'd,  
 In Paris' arms again I'll dare the ſtormy ſea.  
     Let rape again and diſcord live,  
 Let Juno hate and Venus bleſs the boy,



Oh ! grant the means, again the glory give,  
On Nilus' banks to fire another Troy<sup>21</sup>.

PARIS.

Let Hecuba her torch conceive<sup>22</sup> ;  
Let Priam's rage, on Nilus' banks, expose  
My infant limbs in swaddling clothes; 180  
By me, ere yet to manhood grown,  
Another fair C  none known  
In rustic dalliance shall my youth amuse.  
Nor thou, my Helen ! jealous be  
Of my first short constancy,  
Nor love so pure at second hand refuse ;  
Venus again unto the shepherd boy  
Shall, shameless, her immortal charms display,  
And bear unzon'd the well-earn'd prize away.  
Then rape again and war shall reign, 190  
Helen shall share the luscious joy ;  
I'll bear thee safe from Menelaus' train—

Discord her torch shall light in Hymen's flame,  
For love shall live, and Memphian Ilium's fame.

HECUBA.

Almighty ruler of these realms below !  
Hath Paris his adult'rous woes forgot ?  
And doth th' inconstant Helen glow  
With love of change as sportive and as hot  
In regions of immortal bliss ?

PRIAM.

Rage on, ye children of an injur'd King !  
Th' effect of prophet's dismal strain  
No longer shall old Priam fear.  
In Dæmogorgon's ear  
I'll lamentable changes ring  
On all the miseries of my father's reign,  
On all the horrors of the Trojan field,  
Till the ffooth'd God relent and yield  
To royal importunity.

Hear, Spirit! how Ocean's deity

With walls encompass'd Troy's defenceless town <sup>23</sup>, 210

All like a journeyman for hire;

And how, alas! when Trojan stocks were low,

(The 3 per cents at 40, as I ween,)

My royal fire, of heaviest loss aware,

His funded treasure dar'd not sell,

Nor fleece his subjects of their gold,

To pay the dunning God his bill

For unsubstantial masonry.—

How Neptune saw, in vengeful ire,

The King (no more by solemn treaty bound <sup>24</sup>), 220

Brandish his brazen shears,

And, with expressive nod,

Menace th' importuning God,

With awful diminution of his ears <sup>25</sup>.—

How loud he swore the deed was diuretic,

Then mutter'd many a curse prophetic,

And rose, a new impatient foe.



Fierce his water's mighty swell  
 The bulwarks broke<sup>26</sup>,  
 And, at one malicious stroke, 230  
 Troy's walls divine lay level with the ground.

HECUBA.

Oh dreaded Spirit! is this the scene,  
 Whose horrid troubles are invok'd again  
 By filial impiety?

PRIAM.

O Spirit! ope thy pitying ears;  
 Hear them \*, unmov'd by royal tears,  
 (Like fresh-imported Gallic ghosts,)  
 In horrid pray'r th' offended Gods beseech,  
 To pour unceasing hofts  
 Of ills, on mine, 240

\* Paris and Helen.



And Hecuba's devoted crown.

Bethink thee, Paris! thou, with Helen blest,  
 Forgett'st the toils of warfare on her breast;  
 Bethink thee, Paris! 'neath the burning signs  
     Of Egypt's fultry air,  
 How ill thy royal fire must fare  
     Midst fifty concubines<sup>27</sup>.

HECUBA.

What? shall another Pyrrhus, at the shrine  
 Of Memphian God<sup>28</sup>, resistless Priam kill?

PRIAM.

Must thou, O consort dear! 250  
 Again at Polymnestor's eyes  
 With revengeful fury rise,  
 And die a Memphian bitch<sup>29</sup>?

D

## CASSANDRA.

Ye Gods of Heav'n! what vision leaves your realms  
 To blast our mournful pray'rs? cease, heroes! cease;  
 Oh view yon form most strange, yon female wild,  
 Glance downwards through the thin and hallow'd air.  
 Hark, how she chaunts her direful song, while clad  
 In rainbow vesture, and her crown around  
 Seven fiery meteors blazing, to Jove's throne  
 She waves her streaming wand.—A sister see,  
 Of mien as wond'rous, with her starry robe  
 Add lustre unto Tartarus.—A third?  
 Black as hell's smoky jaws, and doubly arm'd  
 With weap'ns of rage immortal<sup>30</sup>.

260

*Enter the PARCÆ*<sup>31</sup>.

## PARCÆ.

Heroes of the Trojan plain!  
 Gaze not thus, with haggard eyes,

Fate's eternal secretaries.

For Troy, these heav'n-born arms we raise;

For Troy, we weave our potent lays.

As spinning destinies we fate,

Loud roar'd around our ears

270

The sad prophetic tale.

—Most cordially it vex'd us—

For hear.—The portioning your former fate,

Where Gods too often interfer'd<sup>32</sup>,

So puzzl'd and perplex'd us;

The Furies plague us, if again

On Egypt's sand we'd spin your years,

On similar conditions hard,

For Pluto's richest sinécures in Hell.

280

CASSANDRA.

Haste, sisters! haste, and aid th' heroic throng,

And strengthen this our holy spell

With efficacious song.

CLOTHO.

Shew, my fatal sifter ! shew  
 All your work and wayward toils ;  
 Deeds of Troy and Greece display,  
 From this my immortal distaff spun ;  
 Seize it, sisters ! plunge it deep  
 Within th' unfathomable sea,  
 Beneath whose melancholic waters flow, 290  
 I' th' navel of the worlds he made,  
 Eternal Dæmogorgon holds his reign.  
 He immutable shall keep  
 Our well-worn tools and proofs of all our pain,  
 Safe, in his old museum laid,  
 From earth-born prophet's wiles.

LACHESIS.

Lo ! sisters ! in the gulph I throw  
 Thread of many a hero's life,  
 Of many a hero's plaguy wife.  
 Achilles' spindle here I shew.— 300



See, as I the clue unrol,  
 These knots, the troubles of his mighty foul;  
 But mark, how smooth the thread I wrought,  
 Whilst stout he Venus' battles fought  
 In Lycomedes's seraglio<sup>33</sup>.

Here blaspheming Ajax' string,  
 And the sacrilegious fun  
 Of Cassandra's rape divine<sup>34</sup>,  
 In horrid fellowship I spun,  
 And to the fiery gulph consign.

310

Sisters! sisters! lo! the line,  
 Spun so subtle and so fine,  
 Of the fly Dulichian King.  
 Lo! how well I mark'd him led,  
 Ere the honey-moon was o'er,  
 In feigned madness from the bridal bed<sup>35</sup>.  
 Well from Calypso's flow'ry shore

I've wrought his stupid flight,  
His scorn of proffer'd honors, and delight  
Of amorous immortality.

320

—O Dæmogorgon hear!  
Hear the fatal sisters call—  
Midst the deeds of vanish'd time,  
Midst thy eternal furniture,  
Hang these troubled threads sublime  
Upon some everlasting peg.  
Fix them with adamantine staples sure:  
Nor let capricious fate thy archives rob,  
Lest I in rage refuse to spin  
Troy's laborious plain again,  
Though Pluto on his black knees beg.  
The state apothecary of hell,  
E'en Esculapius, can tell,  
How ill my blister'd finger ends endure  
So rough and damnable a job.

330

ATROPOS.

O Spirit ! behold each yawning blade  
Which men and Gods immortal dread.

By the Cæfarian operation,  
When Chaos tumbled in her darksome cave,

And, from her horrid womb, 340

Discord with shrieks outflew, and chose

Earth's surface for her habitation ;

By the life thy prowess gave,

When we fister fates uprofe

From Chaos' third delivery<sup>36</sup>;

By the past murders, rapes, and wars,

Marshall'd in thy horrid stores

In dread immutability,

Hear, O Dæmogorgon ! hear ;

Soon, in the vile decennial war, 350

Thefe shears, immortal gift, grew dull.

Thou, chief of Troy ! in all thy valour's bloom,

Baffl'dft each ardent fnap, and fcap'dft an earlier doom<sup>37</sup>.

Thetis' proud son, whom Xanthus' foaming wave

O'erwhelm'd—I hail'd his wat'ry grave—

I hail'd the measure of his glory full;

And Clotho join'd in cries of fingers fore,

And thread, sufficient for a hero, spun.

Joyful all my strength essay'd

To fend to Pluto's longing bar

360

The half immortal warrior;

But oh! as tough as great Jove's golden chain<sup>38</sup>,

His thread the efforts of my half-worn blade

Resisted o'er and o'er again.

Ay, and the God, whose Lemnian fire

These blunted edges ought restore,

Laugh'd at my thwarted task so oft begun,

And snatch'd the hero from the Parcæ's ire<sup>39</sup>.

#### PARCÆ.

Ye worn-out instruments of woe!

Pierce the God's central realm below;

370



Rouse his vengeful will, to send  
 Proof of his unbounded pow'r,  
 And peace to tortur'd Tartarus restore;  
 Oh! may we live in future rest,  
 In our easy labours blest,  
 In spinning lives of lexicographers,  
 Of indolent philosophers,  
 Of half-starv'd poets or librarians,  
 Of miserable antiquarians,  
 Of dreamers of odd reveries,  
 Or indefatigable F. R. S.  
 Or whatsoe'er inglorious mortals spend  
 Life in dull monotony.

380

CLOTHO.

Hark ye, sisters! hark how fate  
 Calls us to our deathful trade.

LACHESIS.

Hark again the heartfelt groan  
Of yon holy monarch rife <sup>40</sup>!  
See yon Gallic fiends increase  
His agonizing cries.

ATROPOS.

Sisters! yet in patience wait—  
Lo! yon tyrant's Eastern throne <sup>41</sup>  
Totters to its base.

390

CLOTHO.

Lo! how he climbs crime's horrid height.  
Now shall injur'd faith demand  
The victim at a Briton's hand <sup>42</sup>.

PARCÆ.

Haste—from th' adamantine knee  
Of dire necessity  
High the charged distaff raise <sup>43</sup>,

And quick divide th' extended thread  
Of all his perjuries.

400

[*Exeunt PARCÆ.*

CASSANDRA.

Nobly, Goddeffes ! ye've done—  
Heroes ! attend. Ere setting sun,  
The mighty pow'r, whom all ador'd,  
Shall iffue his effective word ;  
And, on this burning river's fide,  
Your wifhes fhall be ratified.

HECUBA.

I hail the prefage of the God's decree—  
Spirits ! on yonder mountain fee  
Thoufands of defcending ghofths ;  
Hark ! how th' ungovernable hofths,  
Clam'rous, on their fhoulder bear  
Some mortal of undaunted air.

410

CASSANDRA.

Cease, cease our mystic groans, and hear  
 His wond'rous errand ; greet him here  
 With question of the horrid cause,  
 That thus hath op'd hell's murky jaws,  
 And, in the space of earthly day,  
 Twice disturb'd our privacy.

*Enter BUONAPARTE, followed by a Mob of wounded Inhabitants  
 of Upper and Lower Egypt; Bands of Citoyen Soldats, and  
 Marfeillois καμαζοντες.*

CASSANDRA.

Whoe'er thou art, that dar'st in human form  
 Our rites invade, know, that our holy purpose  
 Ill brooks the rude intemperance of joy.  
 Far other mood our suppliant strains require—  
 If e'er thy breast knew pity, join our pray'rs,  
 And thou shalt welcom'd be with truth, and all



The wishes of our sorrowing heroes blest.  
 Frown'st thou with brow disdainful? Art thou he,  
 Whose tongue prophetic clothes us with our flesh,  
 And thrusts us out of hell, to bear again  
 Egypto-Trojan miseries? dost come  
 To thwart the hopes of this heroic host? 430  
 Or bear'st thou ought of weighty import here,  
 To meet our solemn supplications, made  
 To Dæmogorgon's majesty?

BUONAPARTE.

Ye citizens of hell!  
 Pray, how the devil could I devise  
 The object of your sacrifice?  
 Earth-born I came to hell, and ne'er  
 Have held a conversation here,  
 But up immediately was caught,  
 And, on these Memphian shoulders, brought 440  
 To this confused spot.

Think ye I bore immortal Jove  
For tidings from his realms above ?

No, no ! I'll tell you what,  
Most cordially I hate  
All celestial revelation.

Gods keep their chat for weaker ears,  
Nor pester me with tedious tales  
Of your mysterious occupation.

With mortals I communicate—  
If therefore ought your bosoms swell  
Worth a republican's attention,  
Disclose the causes of your fears :  
The leisure, which I mean to spend  
In hell, shall, doubt not, comprehend  
Your complete redemption.

450

[*Here CASSANDRA relates to BUONAPARTE her  
Fears of the Fulfilment of the Prophecy.*]

CITOYEN SOLDATS.

Hear, Greece and Troy ! before you stands  
The leader of these Gallic bands,  
Which lately forc'd th' Imperial knee  
To bend to France's pure Directory.

460

BUONAPARTE.

Ye warriors of the Trojan plain !  
I greet you all.—Oh thus accept embrace,  
And kiss fraternal, last from him receiv'd,  
Who, in short glory of his decade, rules  
In France regenerate, a speechful hall  
Of lawgivers, unaw'd by chapeau don'd,  
Or tinkling of the Presidential bell.  
Oh let it rest upon your favour'd lips ;  
'Twill rouse impassion'd sensibility,  
And sense so clear of pow'r oppressive, raging  
Within the precincts of Elysium,  
That, aided by divine philosophy,  
Ye safe may purge from despotism, hell ;

470

And charitably Pluto's self relieve  
From all the cares of royalty.

GREEKS *and* TROJANS.

Mighty conqueror ! we feel  
All our hopes revive in thee,  
Fly to Egypt's troubled shore  
In thy undaunted panoply.  
Stand, and invading fate repel,  
Whene'er he comes, with conscious pow'r,  
To found his Trojan walls,  
And boastful calls  
Nilus from his banks to see  
Egyptian Ilium's destiny.

480

BUONAPARTE.

Ah ! on Egypt's damned shore  
More wars I wag'd and griefs I bore,  
Than e'er the furies could contrive  
To plague you, were you thrice to live.



At length victorious there, I 'gan 490  
 Future broils and wars to plan,  
 E'en at the holy city's gates,  
 A sect, called Christian, venerates :  
 And thence, to th' Hellespontic shore;  
 Where, in idea grand, I tore  
 The Sultan's waning crescent down.  
 But, if success dare rudely frown  
 On my northern march, I see,  
 In India's peninsula,  
 A scene of glory op'd so wide, 500  
 That there my prowess shall be tried,  
 In banishing usurpers, known  
 On earth, by universal groan  
 Of Hindoos, longing to be free  
 From yoke of British sovereignty.

GRECIANS *and* TROJANS.

Mighty victor ! say'st thou true  
 That Egypt sore hath felt thy might ?

Oh! have thy scrutinizing bands  
 Rescued from the night  
 Of Egyptian ignorance  
 Ought of antique lore,  
 Or hieroglyphic character, 510  
 Or recorded prophecy,  
 That fang of Greece or future Troy?  
 Oh! reveal, whate'er thy skill  
 Decypher'd of the direful ill  
 That menaces this guiltless crew.

**BUONAPARTE.**

Beauteous Helen! dost thou know  
 Where Nile's divided waters flow,  
 Past Canopus, to the main, 520  
 Laving great Alcides' fane?  
 There, a fage of hoary head  
 In his learn'd museum laid  
 Thy heav'nly statue. Loud he cry'd,

" Helen once to Egypt's shore  
 " The Phrygian prince in triumph bore;  
 " And here thou seest her form divine,  
 " That grac'd great Proteus' Memphian shrine.  
 " Still do ancient legends say  
 " That Helen shall recross the sea, 530  
 " In form as fair as Cnidus' Queen—  
 " And her wanton train be seen  
 " Love and youthful pleasures near,  
 " With her old adulterer,  
 " And ancient heroes, doom'd to bear  
 " The pains and horrors of a second war<sup>44</sup>.

CASSANDRA.

A second spirit prophetic hear—  
 Heroes of the Trojan plain!  
 Drop with me the briny tear.  
 No longer need we doubt the strain, 540  
 Which thus irresistibly  
 Calls us to mortality.

GRECIANS *and* TROJANS.

Peace, Cassandra! yet forbear  
To fill our bosoms with despair!

To Buonaparte. Redoubted mortal! hast thou taught  
On earth, amidst thy projects, ought  
Of that effectual pow'r,  
That can controul a fated hour,  
And all thy wishes elevate  
Superior to the threats of fate?

550

BUONAPARTE.

True, heroes! I possess profusion  
Of projects, to create confusion  
On earth, in hell, in heav'n, or air;  
No mortal can excel me there—  
And, (hear me in the frankest vein  
Of a true republican)  
I willingly would aid you here,  
But that I cordially fear



Our wav'ring state the day would rue

I dedicate to rescue you.

560

Thou ne'er, Æneas! toldst to Dido

A tale so full of woe as I do.

In Egypt still I'm fast—nor how

Back to transport my armies know.

Wide are known our wants so grievous—

Some, with anxious zeal to save us,

Urg'd the secret penetration

Of submarine communication

Twixt Memphis, and th' entangl'd ways

Of royal Crete's Dædalian maze,

570

Where yet the helpful clue doth lie

Of Ariadne's constancy.

Some the scheme of vessels gave

Gliding 'neath the stormy wave,

Safe as Alpheus' visit paid

To the coy Ortygian maid <sup>45</sup>.

Some prais'd the aeronautic car,

Charg'd with instruments of war—

Stunn'd by projects wild as these,  
 Your hell alone could grant a hero ease. 580  
 —Know ye the fam'd Egyptian plain,  
 Where Acherusian Hecate's fane <sup>46</sup>,  
 In gloomy grandeur, guards the gate  
 Of Pluto's realms ? to emulate  
 Your hell-sent heroes <sup>47</sup> I began ;  
 And there, in guise republican,  
 Bade th' infernal goddess wave  
 All ceremony, and receive  
 A mortal guest, that wish'd to state  
 His griefs to hell, and learn his future fate. 590  
 —Hecate ! thanks for all the sense  
 Thou shewd'st of my impatience—  
 For since by thee, I scape the schemeful noise  
 Of many an o'er-officious voice,  
 And, through thine aid, in timely hour appear  
 To thwart Troy's heroes' coward pray'r,  
 No hostile god shall save my Trojan friends  
 From joining Gallic hosts, and forwarding my ends.

*Chorus of Citoyens Soldats.*

Eternal Dæmogorgon ! hear.

Clothe these heroes, every soul, 600  
 With flesh and bones and bodies whole ;  
 Oh give them health and strength, to bear  
 The scorplings of Egyptian air ;  
 And arms that can protect them well <sup>48</sup>,  
 From warfare base, unknown in hell.

BUONAPARTE.

Courage, Greeks and Trojans all !  
 Quick reverse your charm, and call  
 On Dæmogorgon's power again—  
 Tell him, my resistless strain  
 Hath enter'd your heroic brains, 610  
 And made you all republicans.  
 If the mortal change ye mourn,  
 And again for Hades burn,  
 Quicker than Buonaparte, none  
 Can fend you back to Acheron.

Come—upon this river's side  
 Raise the tree's genial branches wide <sup>49</sup> :  
 For blithe, on consecrated ground,  
 We'll dance the Carmagnolic round ;  
 And chaunt a strain, at once shall free  
 Each foul from hell and slavery.

620

GRECIANS *and* TROJANS.

Deep within our troubled spirits  
 Penetrates thy hostile theme.  
 Troy nor will nor pow'r inherits,  
 To promote thy vaunted scheme.

Hell forbids each earthly frolic,  
 In its purify'd domain ;  
 Knows not caper Carmagnolic,  
 Nor the song republican.



Cease then, cease thy taunting gibes 640

On our hypocondriac state :

To pity our afflicted tribes

Learn from thy disgraceful fate.

BUONAPARTE.

Spirit of Brutus brave! who erst, in spite

Of friendship's ties, dar'dst, for thy country's weal,

Plunge thy keen dagger in a tyrant's breast,

Hear'st thou the scorn of Troy's ignoble sons,

Their base contempt of proffer'd liberty,

And free society regenerate

Of nature's gallant host?—I hate ye all <sup>50</sup>, 650

Ye vile-born dilatory sons of war!

You I conjure, you, Memphian conquerors! -

Associates of my toils, and blessings rare,

Such as myself and all th' enlightened world

In boundless *theory* enjoyed; Oh come,

And join with me in hymn to that great pow'r

Whom Troy and Greece ador'd; Oh raise the strain,

And imitate my never-failing tongue.  
 Your woes, so well in righteous cause endur'd,  
 Mixt with the glories of my chivalry, 660  
 Shall touch the central spark of pow'r divine,  
 And make e'en Gods republicans.

#### WOUNDED EGYPTIANS.

Oh thou! enamor'd freedom's child!  
 First breathe thy strain so nobly wild—  
 Thou best canst rouse th' avenging God—  
 Range all the classic regions o'er,  
 Thy freeborn feet have proudly trod;  
 Collect the tales of thine and Egypt's glory,  
 With them interlard thy story,  
 And wrap the God, upon his central throne, 670  
 In democratic harmony.

#### BUONAPARTE.

God of Greeks and Trojans! hear.  
 Ineffectual be the pray'r

Of discontented royalty.

But hear thou, Mars' and Wisdom's son—

Him, who freed th' oppress'd earth,

And gave the long expected birth

To happiness and liberty.

Each mighty monarch wept to see

The sisters hail'd in ecstasy, 680

And gaz'd their glorious mien, and trembled on his throne.

For these, each liberated soul inspir'd

Bravely scorn'd the minions, hir'd

By despotic gold;

Quick grasp'd fair freedom's sword, and, o'er

The patriotic altar, swore

Eternal hate of prejudices old,

Of law, of will divine, and Europe's scepter'd pow'r.

*Chorus of wounded Egyptians.*

Saw'st thou not, O dreaded pow'r!

How, daunted, on the Deltic shore, 690



We heard the Gallic spell,  
 Breath'd irresistible,  
 That charm'd us in the magic pale  
 Of levelling fraternity?  
 Hear'st thou the banks of rising Nile  
 Through Egypt echo with distressful moan,  
 As down our bleeding patriots float?  
 Ingrate we dar'd such blifs revile—  
 But now we hug the comforts brought.  
 Fir'd with favors great as these,  
 We pray thee, Spirit! to hear  
 Our hero's honest pray'r.  
 For him, complete the revolution,  
 Confirm our Coptic constitution,  
 And every Trojan give, and Greek from hell,  
 For his weighty purposes.

700

BUONAPARTE.

Eternal Spirit! behold their tears—  
 Sheath'd be my fword,



My tongue be mute,  
 Unless the means to execute 710  
 Be granted by thy potent word.  
 Saw'st thou when, from darkeſt caves  
 Of ev'ry foul ſeraglio,  
 (Though Muſtis damn'd me with their Prophet's curſe,  
 And from their Korans breath'd defiance)  
 I gave whole lots of female ſlaves,  
 From wan ſterility and woe,  
 To love unfetter'd and the blaze of day?  
 Yet nought theſe Memphian nymphs ſet free<sup>51</sup>,  
 Of ſtock heroic can produce, 720  
 Fit for any warlike uſe,  
 Theſe twice ten tedious years.  
 In future days, thy wond'ring eyes  
 May ſee new Ptolomies ariſe,  
 From ſuch a bleſt alliance;  
 And Cleopatras fascinate  
 Other love-ſick Anthonies.  
 But what with theſe have I to do?

Who, not for heav'n, procrastinate?

My projects present lives demand,

730

Which, dauntless, on the scorching sand

Of Egypt, can endure the toil

Of warfare strange, and all the broil

Of republican example.

Oh view these sons of Troy and Greece,

So fine and ample

A specimen of finewy pow'rs,

That nought of earthly mould can be

Compar'd to this fraternity.

EGYPTIANS.

God of Greeks and Trojans! hear.

740

Let Mercury in shoals expel

These idle heroes out of hell.

BUONAPARTE.

I hail the glorious prophecy

Fulfill'd in happiest hour;

I see them arm'd for warfare rise,  
 In plenitude of freeborn pow'r,  
 Greeted with Gallic symphonies.  
 E'en now, on Cairo's ramparts high  
 The Troio-Copti-Gallic banners fly;  
 I see despotic Viziers yield 750  
 The vantage of the deathful field,  
 To this our Union bold, and stern democracy.

MARSEILLOIS.

Now, thy wishes gratified,  
 Leave Acheron's sulphureous tide;  
 Oh leave these heroes to repine  
 At their impending life.—Be thine,  
 O mighty leader! to pursue  
 Th' important plan thou hast in view.  
 Earth entire will quickly feel  
 Th' effects of thy reforming zeal; 760  
 Then what a horrid void thy soul  
 Must sorrowing find. Oh range the whole

Of hell's departments. Let thy eyes  
 Their secret systems scrutinize ;  
 Come—to Minos' courts repair,  
 Scan the despotic process there ;  
 View the grim judge in splendor fat,  
 Mark his aristocratic state ;  
 These, these dire scenes of hell's oppression  
 Shall rouse thy generous compassion, 770  
 Employ thy future leisure, and demand  
 The magic of thy revolutionizing hand.

[*Exeunt* BUONAPARTE, EGYPTIANS, &c.]

CASSANDRA.

Fear, ye heroes! fear no more  
 Th' effect of democratic roar—  
 Within my ardent bosom glows  
 My spirit prophetic: such I rose,  
 In hapless Troy's impending fate,  
 And fang, though disbeliev'd, the date



Of its inglorious fall. My brain  
One project holds to ease your pain—

780

Know ye not, how erst in Troy,

When tortur'd by calamity,

With menaces we loudly call'd

On our fam'd Palladium old,

And forc'd the Goddeſs to reply

To our importunity?

Hear ye now my myſtic lay—

Take each a portion of the clay,

From bed of this eternal ſtream,

And Dæmogorgon's image form.

790

Grasp, heroes! each a vengeful rod,

Sorely ſcourage the moulded God<sup>52</sup>,

Add every fort of chaſtiſement,

That vivid anger can invent,

And wring, from his enchanted frame,

Responses to our charm.

GREEKS *and* TROJANS.

Oh may thy mighty soul  
Obtain th' obedient sign  
Of comfort and immortal aid.

CASSANDRA.

Heroes! on this Asphodel,  
Found the steadfast pedestal.  
On it fix th' enormous bowl,  
And swell the deep concavity,  
Capacious of his form divine.

800

GRECIANS *and* TROJANS.

Lo! prophets! thy will obey'd.

CASSANDRA.

Heroes! now your taste employ,  
On the grand rotundity  
Of Dæmogorgon's .....  
Hector! Hecuba! all! intent

On this the most material part,  
Call forth the treasures of your art,  
And let the God in firmness sit.

810

GRÉCIANS *and* TROJANS.

Prophetess! we all the wit  
And pow'rs possess'd have well bestow'd,  
And lo! the semi-perfect God  
Awaits his superstructure.

CASSANDRA.

Here,

Raise his body wrinkle-worn—  
Back, as crooked as the horn  
Of Phryxus' ram<sup>53</sup>.

GRECIANS *and* TROJANS.

What, Helen! why  
Should this offend thy modesty?

820

Hence, lest Cassandra's rage arrest your  
Forc'd bashfulness, and squeamish gesture.

CASSANDRA.

Myron <sup>54</sup>! thou prepare the forms  
Of his legs and mighty arms—  
Short let them hang, and strong, t' resist  
The revolutionizing fist  
Of yon democratic seer.

GRECIANS *and* TROJANS.

O thou! whose brawny shoulders bare  
Sustain'd, untir'd, th' Olympic beast;  
Yield, <sup>55</sup> Milo! yield thy finewy honours here.  
Hither, Parian Glycon <sup>56</sup>! haste;  
Th' unrivall'd glory of thy God resign,  
And feast thy vision on these limbs divine.



CASSANDRA.

Deep 'twixt his hunched shoulders laid,  
 Fix his huge unwieldy head;  
 Let his yellow long beard rest  
 On the protuberance of his breast;  
 Here his ears extended bring,  
 And emulate the Phrygian king <sup>57</sup>;  
 Wide his snubby nostrils join,  
 Likest, Socrates! to thine;  
 Let their sober distance keep  
 His eyes in sockets blear and deep;  
 Quick, smooth his bald scalp.

840

GRECIANS *and* TROJANS.

Heroes! see

Complete, the wond'rous Deity.

CASSANDRA.

Now boldly grasp the vengeful throng,  
 And, with importuning tongue,

Repeat th' alternate threat, and deal  
Th' alternate blow—till fore he feel  
Our chastisement his godhead reach,  
And Dæmogorgon find his speech.

850

HECUBA.

Lo! the purple flood  
Of blood descending!

GRECIANS *and* TROJANS.

Hail! the omen good,  
Of all our miseries ending.

CASSANDRA.

Haften! Spirit! thy high behest—  
Tortur'd by Gaul's malicious horde,  
And, in submissive patience, we  
Attend thy dilatory word.

Low descends the orb of day,  
And all hell's region claims its wonted rest.

860

HECUBA.

This hero of democracy  
 And eternal harm,  
 Secure, I fear, in countercharm  
 And impudent pretence,  
 Hath revolutioniz'd the Deity.  
 O Hell ! I feel, I feel the sense  
 Of these infernal joys  
 Usurp'd by mortal properties,  
 Fit for our earthly enterprife.

870

HECTOR.

O Dæmogorgon ! Dæmogorgon O<sup>58</sup> !  
 Say, will no heav'nly guest descend,  
 No solemn harbinger of joy  
 Our piteous cause defend ?  
 Vain are our vows and plaintive sounds ?  
 Heroes ! heroes ! royal pray'rs  
 Suit not Dæmogorgon's ears—

Hark ! again I hear the crash,  
 Achilles ! of thy Memphian lash,  
 Urging thy courfers fleet, 880  
 Around the walls of trembling Troy.  
 I feel, I feel, o'erwhelm'd with dust,  
 Thy thongs again unpitying thrust  
 Through both my mangl'd feet <sup>59</sup>.  
 Well, Philoctetes ! may'ft thou groan  
 With me in sympathetic moan,  
<sup>60</sup> Thy feet and mine must feel their Memphian wounds.

GRECIANS *and* TROJANS.

Leave us not, Cassandra dear !  
 Plung'd i' th' gulph of deepest woe—  
 The God's deep-furrow'd body shews 890  
 Th' effect of direst storm of blows,  
 Yet uselefs sits his stupid carcase here,  
 As Torse of Michael Angelo <sup>61</sup>.



CASSANDRA.

Cease, heroes ! cease—The God's well founded throne  
Shakes to its base—heard ye the sudden roar,  
Like rush of mighty tempest rise? Behold  
Thick vapours issue from the smoky bowl,  
With horrid stench sulphureous, that braves  
E'en Stygian odours—Stay your rites—I feel  
Th' approaching tread of vile unhallow'd feet.

900

HECUBA.

In phalanx firm upraise the rod,  
And close protect the threaten'd God  
From disturbers of our charm.

CASSANDRA.

Hark ! again the dire alarm—  
Lo ! a hostile croud o'erspread  
Yon sun-illumin'd mountain's head—

Hither, Lynceus<sup>62</sup> ! haste, and tell,  
 Is yonder wight advancing, he  
 Who late hath rudely tortur'd hell  
 With tales of Gallic liberty?

910

LYNCEUS.

Sage, methinks, and visage holy  
 Yonder mortal bears ;  
 Brow of thoughtful melancholy,  
 And important cares.

Crouds of sable-vested spirits  
 His solemn march attend—  
 Hither, chaunting wild his merits,  
 Prophets ! they bend.

DISTANT VOICES.

Εκπέρσαι Πριάμοιο πόλιν<sup>63</sup>.

CASSANDRA.

Hear ye not yon' horrid howling? 920  
 Blasted be their voices rude ;  
 To us they bode no tidings good.  
 Wait we thus, O mighty pow'r !  
 Wait we thus th' expected hour  
     Of thy unalterable decree ?  
 Must then my tongue prophetic fail,  
 And hell's contemptuous rabble rail  
     At this our clumsy mystery ?

GRECIANS *and* TROJANS.

Ah ! what hands impure appear  
 Uplifted in the tainted air ! 930

CASSANDRA.

Remember, Troy ! the fatal day,  
 When prostrate Ilium's bulwarks lay ;  
 How every youthful Trojan tongue  
 The praises of Minerva sung <sup>64</sup> ;

How every brow with flow'rs was bound,  
 When Pallas' sacred horse was crown'd,  
 And, midst my curse prophetic, led  
 In triumph through the breach ye made <sup>65</sup>.  
 O call to mind that direful day;  
 Think of Troy's sad destiny:  
 Then fear, O fear these horrid bands,  
     Nor e'er admit, within the pale  
         Of our imperfect mystery,  
 Their unsolicited commands;  
     Nor, without heav'n's assent, reveal  
         The but of our solemnity.

940

*Enter ZOILUS, followed by Lauder, Aristarchus, Perrault,  
 &c. &c.*

ZOILUS.

Thou shade of tongue mysterious! what freak  
 Or damned prophecy hath rous'd this heap



Of close-wedg'd heroes? why these rods uprais'd,  
 These threat'ning aspects, and thy frantic form 950  
 Advanc'd to thwart my way? What, dumb? dumb all?  
 Ye Gods of hell! the vengeance that I hold  
 Shall burst this faucy silence. Come, ye hosts  
 Of learning-freighted friends! and chaunt again  
 That sacred strain, which dooms the boasted bard  
 And all his Phrygian Troy unto eternal death.

*Chorus of Critics.*

See ye not yon handle bright,  
 Yon hairs wide waving to th' etherial blue?  
 'Tis criticism's brush—with this we'll sweep  
 From Phrygian plain, 960  
 Across the main,  
 Across th' Icarian deep,  
 Through the Canopic mouth of sevenfold Nile,  
 To Egypt's torrid soil,  
 Troy's walls immortal, and her heroes too.

Come then, all ye social pow'rs !  
 Basil, Clemens, Crysofom,  
     Anaxag'ras, Metrodorus <sup>66</sup>,  
 Pour your gentle influence o'er us.  
 Hear, and help ! and shove along  
     Priam's unprotected tow'rs—  
 And, when the Phrygian ruin's done,  
     Bear, O bear us, quickly o'er  
     To the dull Bæotian shore ;  
 If still the handle of your brush be strong,  
     Sweep old Cadmean Thebes away—  
 Plunge it i' th' depth profound of th' isle-bespangl'd sea.

970

But O ! what glorious turrets rise,  
 Spare, O spare our aching sight.  
     Hail Egyptian Troy !  
     Hail Egyptian Thebes !  
 What deeds shall blest'd posterity

980

Tell unto its lisping babes !  
Now within each pyramid  
Trojan heroes shall be laid ;  
And every classic ass  
Shall mourn the useless pain  
That tortur'd long his travell'd brain,  
To invent a royal corpse for each sepulchral mass <sup>67</sup>.  
Rouse then, ye sons of future Troy !  
To Egypt's happiest region fly,  
And claim your rightful destinies.

ZOILUS.

Would thou hadst heard, O bard divine! the doom  
Of all thy labours.—Care we now no more,  
Thou mighty plagiarist! what Attic song  
Of graceful Pampho <sup>68</sup>, what mysterious tale  
Of old Melampus <sup>69</sup>, what heroic founds  
Of bold Syagrius' <sup>70</sup> Trojan harp, or what  
Of moral Manto's <sup>71</sup> Delphic strains increase  
Thy fangl'd rhapsodies. Ye blessed gods!

Give me again unto the king<sup>72</sup> I lov'd,  
 Grant me to live, and hail the welcome hour,  
 When Homer's heart shall mourn his Troy forgot;  
 I'll bear undaunted every poet's ire,  
 And all th' unpitying show'rs of deathful stones  
 Upon my Thracian<sup>73</sup> head.

*Chorus of Critics.*

Cease—at our heel  
 We feel, we feel  
 Our learned prophet stalk.  
 Now he thinks, and now he pauses, 1010  
 Now he recites, and now he causes  
 The gaping ghosts to croud, and hear his antique talk.

ZOILUS.

Haste! thou ghost-compelling God!  
 Bring thy fam'd Egyptian rod<sup>74</sup>,  
 With all its snaky horrors here.  
 Heed not Hector's falling tear,



Heed not Hecuba's distress,

Nor this frantic prophetess.

Break, O break hell's sacred laws ;

Wide expand its dismal jaws ;

1020

At one fell scoop these heroes bear,

And plant them in Egyptian air.

Trust no more, ye sons of Troy !

To Cassandra's mystery.

Not ——'s fal volatile,

Not ——'s critic accuracy,

Shall save your horde from Memphi-Trojan day—

Hark to the prophet's curse, the prophet's dreaded lay !

*Enter the PROPHET, followed by a Mob of ancient and modern  
Philosophers, Poets, &c.*

CASSANDRA. *(to the Prophet)*

Thou rude disturber of these happy realms !

I charge thee, in the presence of our God,

1030

Disclose thy daring prophecy—O speak ;  
 And, if divine authority inspires  
 Thy unwelcome presence, tell this longing host  
 Heav'n's ireful sentence, and th' appointed hour  
 Of second life—But O beware—if ought  
 Thy speech to Troy of ill unfounded breathes,  
 I, blest'd by Phœbus' gifts, dare prove thee false.  
 True as the journies of yon' setting sun,  
 My spirit lies not—Agamemnon's fate <sup>75</sup>  
 And my lov'd country's misery attest 1040  
 My heav'n-born pow'r prophetic—Mortal! speak,  
 Though from thy Delphic tongue responses fall,  
 As dark and intricate as Sibyl's strain,  
 My soul can pierce the foul obscurity.

PROPHET.

O damsel of dishevell'd hair !  
 I rev'rence thy Phœbean air.  
 I know thy patriot fears, ere Troy  
 Bow'd to Grecian treachery—

But, in these realms of sacred rest,  
What dreaded mischief can perplex thy breast? 1050

CASSANDRA.

Cease, detested mortal! cease  
Thy bitter interrogatories—  
Hast thou forgot on Styx's shore,  
Where Charon's crazy wherry bore  
Thy gloomy form, how Orcus rung  
With threats prophetic from thy tongue,  
And all this host of heroes heard  
Their doom, and curs'd thee, hated bard!

PROPHET.

Hear, holy prophets! my strain,  
And torture all its sense again. 1060  
—Long enamor'd of the toil  
Of ranging mythologic soil,  
And gathering every scrap of lore  
In learning's antique wilderness,



I tack'd and patch'd each motley piece,  
 And form'd my systems o'er and o'er.  
 Thou, prophets! and all thy Troy  
 Shar'd my conject'ral charity;  
 And e'en thy gifted bard I freed  
 From clouds that round his glory spread,  
 And, from his fire's jaunâtre face<sup>76</sup>,  
 Dropt hints original of his native place.

1070

*Chorus of Poets.*

O spirit of Lavater! hail!  
 O leave the banks of Zurich's limpid wave!  
 Leave the sad wailings of thy country's woes,  
 Nor longer paint, with conscious virtue bold,  
 Th' insulting tyrants of thy guiltless foil.  
 Descend, and hear what learning's painful toil,  
 Amidst the whirlwinds of opinions toss'd,  
 Amidst of critics wild the stubborn host,  
 In ages past could ne'er atchieve.  
 Strong in thy magic pow'r

1080



This learned wight uprose—  
 And dar'd, in happiest hour,  
 Proof of all thy skill unfold,  
 And from terrestrial doubts and darkness free  
 Thee, prince of bards! by physiognomy.

PROPHET.

Cease your untimely praise, and hear  
 My claim to be enroll'd a peer.  
 Know ye, how th' Egyptian sage 1090  
 Delighted the astonish'd age?  
 When bold he breath'd his magic spell,  
 Obedient Homer left his hell,  
 And to Apion's <sup>77</sup> secrecy  
 Disclos'd his country and his Troy?  
 Fir'd with love of ancient story,  
 I hail'd the glorious precedent,  
 And, in my learn'd depository,  
 Hot to the mighty work I went.

The secret powers that belong 1100  
 To Babel's monosyllabic tongue <sup>78</sup>,  
 And each Ammonian radical,  
 Cull'd from my mystic ordinal,  
 In cabalistic combination  
 I rang'd, and rous'd to hell's invasion.  
 Well I knew, how he of yore,  
 Near his lov'd Parthenope,  
 The Mantuan shepherd, proudly bore  
 The palm of verbal forcery <sup>79</sup>.  
 Yet not his Pharmaceutria, 1110  
 Nor Apion's Cynocephale <sup>80</sup>,  
 E'er display'd hell's grisly portal  
 Wide enough t' admit a mortal.  
 But *bere*, hell's vanquish'd orders shew,  
 How deep my radicals can go <sup>81</sup>.

## CASSANDRA.

O strength of horrid words! O force  
 Of spells that rend the rooted rock !

Hell nor Heav'n your pow'r resist,  
Nor Dæmogorgon stands the shock.

O the last Tartarean test 1120

Of my prophetic skill !

Phœbus ! source of all my woe !

Bereft of holy gifts, I bow

To the resistless course

Of thine immortal will.

O ! in that impending hour,

When my second destiny

Shall animate my frame again,

Torture not a female's brain

With unbeliev'd divinity, 1130

Nor blast me with the fullness of thy pow'r.

TROJANS *and* GRECIANS.

Mighty Spirit ! thy pitying eyes

Cast on our past miseries.

Resign'd we hear our call to earth—

O mildly treat our second birth !



Gallo-Memphic sons ! we come,  
 To share your mighty triumphs won ;  
 First in love's cause { we'll fire injurious Troy,  
   we'll shield the Phrygian boy,  
 Then join the heroes of democracy.

1140

PROPHET.

Cease your horrid accusation.  
 Frantic prophets ! thy nation  
 Wrongs my righteous aim to save  
 Thee and thy Ilium from the grave.  
 Far other objects claim'd my care—  
 View this printed quarto here ;  
 The notions of my learned head,  
 Through its guiltless pages spread ;  
 These doubts of Phrygian Ida's claim <sup>82</sup>  
 To Troy's decennial warfare's fame,  
 Rous'd from their scholastic dens,  
 Critics wild, with brandish'd pens.

1150



But chief, a rash mistaken pair  
 Toild to convert my proofs to air.  
 What brain of aged meditation  
 Could bear the virulent jobation?  
 So to hell's grim realms I came,  
 Jealous of my well-earn'd name,  
 To claim my merited reward,  
 The sanction of Troy's happiest bard, 1160  
 And silence every hostile prater  
 With sight of Homer's seal, and imprimatur.

ZOILUS.

Hear, Critics! hear—  
 Was it for this, companions dear!  
 That, round the range of hell, we led  
 This mortal in triumphant joy?  
 Was it for this, each passing shade,  
 Enchanted with our harmony,  
 Bent the low knee, and rev'rent honors paid?  
 O! friends! your curs'd impatience, 1170

And the ceaseless roar  
 Of your untimely gratulations,  
 Drown'd the true import of this mortal's voice,  
 Gods! on disjointed scraps of lore,  
 Conjectures and soliloquies,  
 Built we our hopes, and boasted of our cause?

PROPHET.

Malicious shade! avaunt—thy tears  
 Will ne'er disturb Jove's greater cares.  
 Troy and Greece! my story hear,  
 And banish all your groundless fear.  
 Arriv'd at Charon's Stygian ferry,  
 And cramm'd on board his loaded wherry,  
 Much the bearded boatman fought  
 Of news from earthly regions brought,  
 And bade me unreserved tell,  
 The object of my trip to hell.  
 What sage, but willing would comply  
 With Charon's curiosity?

I, in my turn inquisitive,

Befought him candidly to give

1190

Whate'er authenticated note

Of Troy he knew; or anecdote

Of Homer's country.—Who'd have thought it?

The stupid God knew nought about it.

Yet, not abash'd at my defeat,

I 'gan courageously to try

A question, that, (expounded by

The God's infallibility,)

Would end the Trojan controversy.

" Ferryman!" I cried, " grammery!

1200

" In Paris' days, thy shabby oar

" Hath suffer'd much in rowing o'er

" Each slaughter'd Greek and Trojan shade;

" O tell me, when each hero paid

" The price of dreary transportation,

" The superscription of what nation

" Their unnumber'd farthings bore.

" For, hear me, God! thy wond'rous store



" Of copper riches can decide

" If Troy be Phrygia's or Egypt's pride."

1210

But Oh! how wild my form he gaz'd,

And swore, that hell with tortures blaz'd

So hot, that every obolus

Was spent in cooling liquors spirituous.

So vex'd, so foil'd, I loud implor'd

The counsel of my honor'd bard.

" Where'er thou dwellest, and, kindred spirits among,

" Roll't the full tide of melody along,

" To thee, and all thy wond'rous lore, I fly—

" Whether adult'rous Helen fir'd her Troy,

1220

" Near Ida's rivers or Egyptian Nile;

" Restore me, proud with *truth*, to blest Britannia's isle."

    Thee, prophets! midst willows dank,

    On Styx's crowded bank,

    I mark'd, deforming my momentous pray'r,

    I mark'd thy strange enthusiastic air,

And utterance wild of thy prophetic pow'rs,

Disturb thy Trojan hordes and Orcus' peaceful hours.



*Chorus of Critics.*

Leave, mighty Jove! thy pleasures leave,  
 Bear not Europa o'er the laughing wave— 1230  
 No longer seek in Danae's lap to pour  
 Another golden amorous show'r—  
 A worthier damsel claims thy care.  
 Hither, Jove! transport thy thunder;  
 Hither all thy vengeance bear.  
 View this lying prophetess,  
 And all her mad contrivances,  
 And hell still smarting 'neath her horrid blunder.  
 View her too, with false alarm,  
 And second tale of Troy's impending woes, 1240  
 E'en Zoilus to folly charm,  
 And lead our solemn order by the nose.

CHORUS.

GRECIANS.

Hence, Cassandra ! with your pray'rs,

And serious stupidity.

No time is here for solemn airs ;

Hail, hell ! and frantic jollity !

1250

TROJANS.

Thy conscious guilt, Cassandra ! moan,

We to other pastime fly.

Come, turn to laughter ev'ry groan,

Hail, hell ! and frantic jollity !

HELEN.

View, Venus ! thy dejected pair,

Of love bereft and future joy.

No rape—no Cranae<sup>83</sup>—no war—

Hail, hell ! and dull monotony !

ÆNEAS.

No terrors now of wat'ry grave<sup>84</sup>—

No stubborn Turnus' bravery—

No toils of Carthaginian cave<sup>85</sup>—

Hail, hell! and frantic jollity!

PARIS.

No golden fruit—no Shepherdess<sup>86</sup>—

No immortal nudity

1260

Of leash of shameless Goddesses—

Hail, hell! and dull monotony!

LAOMEDON.

No Scœan gate<sup>86</sup>—no piercing bawl

Of monster-bit Hesiene<sup>87</sup>—

No debt for Troy's God-mended wall—

Hail, hell! and frantic jollity!

GRECIANS *and* TROJANS.

Fools ! in Cassandra's strain believing,

Sieze her holy mockery—

Hark, the gulph her God receiving \*—

Hail, hell ! and frantic jollity !

1270

\* Here they throw Dæmogorgon's image into the river.



## NOTES.

1. Daurat, a Limosin, died about the end of the sixteenth century, who (Scaliger says) spent the latter part of his life in endeavouring to find all the Bible in Homer. His name is put here for all that clan of learned wights, who either confound the heroes of fable with those of the Bible, or who find a history of the scripture heroes in Homer, under borrowed names. Ex. gr. Moses descending from the mount, is Vulcan falling from heaven—Tobit's dog, Ulysses's—Achilles talking to his horses, Balaam to his ass—Venus with her nymphs on the Syrian shore, Miriam—Priapus, Moses, &c. Vide Bochart, Thomassin, and particularly the *Demonstratio Evangelica* of Huetius.

2. Vide Cesarotti's translation of Homer into Italian, and the notes, passim.

3. Vide their names, in Pope's Preface to his Homer.

4. This is according to the Platonic doctrine, that whatever has been our favorite passion upon earth, "eadem sequitur tellure repostos."—*Virg.*

5. Exem. gra. Δευτερος αυθ'ωρμᾶτο. κ. τ. λ. (where Diomedes wounds Mars.)—*Iliad.* E. 855.

Η δ' αναχασσάμενη λιθον ειλετο. κ. τ. λ. (where Minerva wounds Mars.)—*Iliad.* Φ. 403.

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μεγαθυμω Τυδεος υιος

Ακρην ετασε χειρα. κ. τ. λ. (where Diomedes wounds Venus.)—*Iliad.* E. 335.

6. Vide Plutarch's Life of Solon. Also Akenfide, B. 3. 390.

7. Sixtus V. who raised the Egyptian obelisk in the middle of the Piazza del Popolo, told a Cardinal (as a secret) that he caused the adjacent fountain to be made, to water such asses as should lose their time in endeavouring to unriddle this ancient nonsense.

Videatur, ne quid fons detrimenti capiat.

8. The Ifiac Table was a plate of copper, on which were engrav'd the Egyptian deities, with all their symbols. It was in possession of Cardinal Bembo; after his death, of the Duke of Mantua; it was lost when the Imperialists took Mantua in 1630.

9. The hieroglyphics on the obelisk, formerly in the Circus maximus, now in the Piazza del Popolo at Rome, were explained by Hermapion—the pious interpretation may be seen (translated from the Greek of Ammianus Marcellinus) in Montfaucon, Vol. II.

10. Σιωπή, μίγα και παντος υψηλοτερον λογιη.—*Longinus*.

11. ————— ille

Compellendus erit, quo nunquam terra vocato  
Non concussa tremit, qui Gorgona cernit apertam,  
Verberibusq suis trepidam castigat Erinnyn.

*Lucani Pharf.* lib. 6. 744.



12. This is a part of the amusement of the inhabitants of hell, according to Milton.

Others apart fat on a hill retir'd,  
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high  
Of providence, &c. B. II. 557.

13. Pronapides (supposed to be Homer's master) described Dæmogorgon as a slovenly old fellow, filthy, pale, and disfigured, and dwelling in the heart of the earth. He made a bowl to fit in, raised himself into the air, and formed the universe.

14. Statius, lib. 4.

15. The river Acheron remains hid a long time under ground, before it rises again ; from whence arose the fable of Acheron, the son of Terra, being cast by Jupiter into hell.

16. Dux fœmina facti.—*Virg.*

17. Vide the description of Hecuba in the play in Hamlet.

18. I am aware that Achilles, in his interview with Ulysses in the infernal shades, complains bitterly of his doom, and prefers life, even in slavery, before the monotony of hell and the society of *αμεινηνα καρηνα*.

Βηλοιμην κ' επαρκος εων θητευεμεν αλλω

Η πασιν νεκυεσσι καταφθιμενοισιν ανασσειν.

*Odyss.* Δ 488. 90.

But as his wishes to live again include not the least hint of submission to a repetition of former labours, I have a right to represent his sentiments as completely changed by so unexpected and fearful a summons.

19. Thetis, to consume every part of her son that was mortal, used to lay him every night upon the fire, and in the day-time anoint him with Ambrosia. The first name of Achilles was Pyrrhifous, alluding to his being saved from the fire.

20. From so undeservedly neglected a poet as Valerius Flaccus is, I shall not apologize for quoting the following beautiful description of Achilles, yet under the tuition of Chiron, recognizing his father :

Jamque aderat summo decurrens vertice Chiron,  
Clamantemque patri procul ostentabat Achillem.

Ut puer ad notas erectum Pelea voces  
 Vidit, & ingenti tendentem brachia passu,  
 Adfluit, carâque diu cervice pependit.  
 Illum nec valido spumantia pocula Baccho  
 Sollicitant: veteri nec conspicienda metallo  
 Signa tenent. Stupet in ducibus: magnumque fonantes  
 Haurit, & Herculeo fert comminus ora leoni.  
 Laetus at impliciti Peleus rapit oscula nati,  
 Suspiciensque polum; "Placito si currere fluctu  
 "Pelea vultis," ait, "ventosque optare ferentes  
 "Hoc, superi, servate caput, tu cetera, Chiron!  
 "Da mihi. Te parvus lituos & bella loquentem  
 "Miretur: sub te, puerilia tela magistro  
 "Venator ferat, & nostram festinet ad hastam."

*Argonaut, lib. 1. 255.*

21. Naturam expellas furcâ, &c.



22. Hecuba dreamed that she was delivered of a torch. The soothsayers advised the royal parents to expose the child, when born, upon Mount Ida. The shepherds took care of him, and, when he grew up, he fell in love with CEnone, a daughter of one of them.

23. In this I have followed Homer, who makes Neptune say,

Ἦτοι ἐγὼ Τρῶεσσι πόλιν καὶ τείχος εἰδεῖμα. — *Il.* 21. 446.

24.

————— τότε γὰρ εἰπῶντο μισθὸν ἀπάντα  
Λαομέδων ἐκπαῖγλος. *Il.* Φ. 451.

25. Στεῦτο δ' οὐ ἀμφοτέρων ἀποκοψέμεν ἔατα χαλκῷ.

*Il.* Φ. 455.

26. Stabat opus : pretium rex inficiatur ; et addit  
Perfidiae cumulum, falsis perjuria verbis.

“ Non impune feres,” rector maris inquit : et omnes  
Inclinavit aquas ad avarae litora Trojae.

*Ovid, lib. 11.*

27. Quinquaginta illi thalami.—*Virg. Æn. 2.*

28. ——— hoc dicens, altaria ad ipsa trementem  
Traxit, &c.

*Virg. Æn. 2. 550.*

29. ——— tumidâque exæstuat ira ;  
Involat, et digitos in perfida lumina condit.  
——— rictuque in verba parato,  
Latravit conata loqui.

*Ovid. Met. lib. 13.*

30. This description of the *Parcæ* is very different from that given by Catullus:

(Interea infirmo quatientes corpora motu  
Veridicos *Parcæ* cæperunt edere cantus;  
His corpus tremulum, &c.

*De nuptiis Pelei et Tbetidos.)*

Their song also is not less so. There are a hundred different representations of them.

31. Lest the reader should be surprised at the introduction of the *Parcæ* into hell, I must beg leave to inform him, that Claudian represents them there, dissuading Pluto from waging war against Jupiter.

Sed *Parcæ* vetuère minas, orbiq timentes

Ante pedes foliumq ducis, fudère severam

Canitiem, &c.

*De rapt. Prof. V. 48. lib. 1.*

32.           Ιξί δ', οθ' Αἰνεΐας.   κ. τ. λ.           *Iliad.* γ. 320.

(Where Neptune interferes between Achilles and Æneas.)

Πηλεΐδης δ' ὠρμησάτ'   κ. τ. λ.           *Iliad.* φ. 595.

(Where Apollo interferes between Agenor and Achilles.)

———— τον δ' ἐξηρπάζ' Ἀφροδίτη.   *Iliad.* γ. 380.

(Where Venus saves Paris from Menelaus.)

33. Achilles, disguised as a girl by Thetis, was sent to Lycomedes's court, and had a son by that King's daughter, named Pyrrhus.

———— deceperat omnes

———— fumtæ fallacia vestis.

*Ovid. Met.* lib. 13.

34. At the foot of Pallas's statue the night Troy was taken.



35. Ulysses, wishing to be exempted from going to the siege of Troy, and to remain with Penelope, whom he had but lately married, feigned himself mad. Palamedes discovered his madness to be counterfeit, and engaged him to join the Grecian army.

Mallet et infelix Palamedes esse relictus,  
Quem *male convicti* nimium memor iste furoris  
Prodere rem Danaam finxit.

*Ovid. Met. lib. 13.*

36. Dæmogorgon, vexed with the pains that Chaos felt, opened her womb, and took Discord out, who then left the center of the earth to dwell upon the surface. The second time he took out Pan; the third, the Parcæ.—*Boccaccio.*

37. ΑΨ δ' ἐταρων ἐς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο, κτῆ ἀλλείνων. κ. τ. λ.

*Iliad. ζ. 408, &c.*

38. Σειρην χρυσειην ἐξ ἠρανοθεν κρεμασαντες. κ. τ. λ.

*Iliad.* Φ. 19.

39. Ως εἶφαθ'. Ἡφαιστος δὲ τιτυσκέτο θεσπιδαις πῦρ κ. τ. λ.

*Iliad.* Φ. 342.

40. Pius VI.

41. Tippoo Saib.

42. ——— nondum attigit arcem

Juris, et humanum culmen, quo cuncta premuntur

Egressus, meruit *fatis* tam nobile letum.

Vivat, et, ut Bruti procumbat victima, regnet.

*Lucan. Pharsal.* lib. 7. 593.

43. So, I conclude, Plato represents it.—lib. 10. *de repub.*

44. Herodotus (lib. 2.) says, In the temple of Proteus was a chapel dedicated to Venus, furnamed the Stranger, whom I conjecture to be Helen. The priests told me that Paris landed with Helen at the Canopic mouth of the Nile, &c. &c.

45.

———— dixère priores

Ortigiam, Alpheum fama est huc Elidis amnem

Occultas egisse vias subter mare : qui nunc

Ore Arethusa tuo Siculis confunditur undis.

*Virg. Æn. 3. 693.*

46. Diodorus Siculus (describing the conformity of the Egyptian ceremonies with the Grecian ideas of the infernal regions) says, that in Egypt the temple of the gloomy Hecate was placed at the entrance of hell.

47. Hercules, Ulysses, Theseus, Eneas, &c.

48. Vide the French General's complaints of the treatment his soldiers met with when taken prisoners by the Mamalukes.

49. The tree of liberty.

50. In allusion to the siege of Troy having lasted ten years.

51. Vide the adventures of the Portuguese heroes in the Paradisaical island raised out of the sea by Venus on their return from India.—*Camoen's Lusiad*. B. 9. The Argonauts in the Isle of Lemnos (*Valer. Flaccus*, lib. 2. 324, &c.) most probably gave Camoens the hint for the fiction of the Isle of Venus.



52. This practice of scourging the statues of the Gods in old times has been handed down to the moderns. Some travellers have given a very ludicrous account of the thumps and stripes bestowed upon poor St. Januarius's figure, exposed ineffectually to the obstinate eruption of Vesuvius.

Vide the description of Erietho, and her not brooking the long silence of the re-animated corpse.

————— Miratur Erietho

Has fati licuisse moras, irataq; morti

Verberat inmotum vivo serpente cadaver.

*Lucan. lib. 6. 725.*

53. Upon which Phryxus fled to Colchis to avoid the fury of Ino, his mother-in-law.

54. A wonderful statuary, who made a cow of copper so like unto the life, that the bulls took her to be alive.

55. The Crotonian, who carried a two-years old bull upon his back, at the Olympic Games, for the space of a furlong, killed him with his fist, and ate him up in one day.

56. Inviâti membra Glyconis. *Hor.* The Farnese Hercules.

57. Midas, King of Phrygia major.

— nec Delius aures

Humanam stolidas patitur retinere figuram,

Sed trahit in spatium, &c.

*Ovid.* lib. 11.

58. Lactantius gives an account of prayers made to Romulus, which he has taken out of Ennius.

O Romule! Romule! dico, O!—

59. Αμφοτερων μετοπισθε ποδων τετρηνε τενοντε

Ες σφυρον εκ πτερνης, βοεης δ' εξηπτεν ιμαντας. κ τ λ.

ΜΑΣΤΙΞΕΝ, ῥελααν, τω δ' ηκ ακοντε πετεσθην. κ τ. λ. *Il. X* 396.

60. Vide the Philoctetes of Sophocles.

61. A celebrated fragment of a (supposed) statue of Hercules, removed from the Vestibolo rotondo of the Vatican to Paris: it was a constant study of the famous Bonarotti, and thence called his Torso.

62. The powers of Lynceus must have been very well known to Cassandra, he being one of the Argonauts, of whom Valerius Flaccus says,

————— possit qui rumpere terras

Et *Styga* transmissa tacitam deprendere visu.

lib. 1. 463.

63. Homer *Il.* A. 19.

64. ————— pueri circum innuptæq; puellæ

Sacra canunt.

*Virg. Æn.* 2. 238.

65. Dividimus muros, et, mœnia pandimus urbis.

*Virg. Æn.* 2. 234.



66. Vide Mr. Morritt's list of writers who disbelieved the tale of Troy entirely.

67. Cheopis, Chephren, and Mycerinus, his son.—*Herod.*

68. Pampho was a native of Attica, and disciple of Linus; he first sung of the Graces, and wrote hymns to Jupiter, Diana, and Ceres; the first of which Homer is said to have copied, and to have changed much for the better.

69. Melampus brought the mysteries of Bacchus into Greece, and wrote the adventures of the Gods. Homer was acquainted with them, as he mentions him twice in the *Odyssey*.

70. Syagrius (ὅς λεγεται τον Τρωικον πολειμον πρώτος ἄσαι.) was contemporary with Musæus.

71. Manto was the daughter of Tiresias, the son of the nymph Cariclo, who was descended from Edæus, one of those armed worthies (σπαρτοί) who sprung from the serpent's teeth, sown by Cadmus, who was a fugitive from Phenicia, or (as many will have it) from Egypt; but who certainly (as Diodorus expressly says) introduced into Bœotia the worship of most of the Egyptian divinities. I therefore think that this family had a little more to do with Egypt than with Kamtschatka. If, however, the pedigree should not please, I can only say with Rabelais, "Je vous remets a la grande cronique Bœotienne, en celle vous trouverez comment de Cadmus par lignes directes yffit Tiresias pere de Manto—et ne vous fâchera si pour le present je m'en deporté."

72. Ptolomy Philadelphus, whose court Zoilus frequented.

73. Zoilus was of Thracian extraction. It is said that the inhabitants of Smyrna stoned him for affronting them in the person of Homer.

74. The Caduceus of Mercury had its origin in Egypt.

75. Upon the division of the Trojan plunder, Cassandra fell to the share of Agamemnon: during the voyage to Greece, she gave him notice that he was to be assassinated by his wife Clytemnestra.

76. Melanopus. Vide Bryant on the war of Troy.

Tacitus, lib. 5. Hist. c. 2. has a similar conjecture about the origin of the Jews.

Plerique, (Judæos esse) Æthiopum prolem, &c.

77. Quærat aliquis quæ sint mentiti veteres magi, cum adolescentibus nobis visus Apion grammaticæ artis prodiderit Cynocephaliam herbam, &c. &c.—seque evocasse umbras ad percontandum Homerum, quânam patriâ quibusque parentibus genitus esset : non tamen ausus profiteri quid sibi respondisse, &c.

*Plinii Hist. Nat. lib. 30. c. 2.*

78. Of Homer's two languages of gods and men, the former means the language of the dispersion from Babel; which was for the most part monosyllabic, as the Chinese is—a mark of its antiquity.—Vide *Briant's Mythol.* 3 V.

79. The story of the Neapolitan fly, the golden horse-leach, and the grotto of Pausylipo, made by Virgil's enchantments.

80. Vide supra Plin. not.



81. ——— Quantum vertice ad auras

Ætherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.

*Virg. lib. 4.*

82. Had Mr. B. even in the days of Pisistratus, been imported from Egypt into Athens, and ventured to dictate his Trojan doubts to an amanuensis, the latter might with reason have alarmed the Amphictyonic council, and the former would probably have undergone the fate of Zoilus or Daphidas \*. But in these days, when poetic fiction is not religion, why should Mr. B. be so rudely handled by a critic for classic doubts, harmless in their consequences, and, in their illustration, entertaining and instructive? It would, methinks, have been an unpardonable omission in Mr. B. if he had not, after so unprovoked an attack, performed (as Swift says) the due *Discourse*

\* Δαφιδας, Τελμισσευς, γεγραφως περι Ομηρου και

Της αυτης ποιησεως οτι εψευσατο. κ. τ. λ.

*Suidas.*

*Expostulatory* with my lords the critics, who too frequently err, by not observing the temper of their mind at the moment of their examination of a literary production. I could have wished that the B. C. had reviewed the works of the two disputants with all the prudent calmness becoming his profession. The classic controversy might then have been attended with no worse effects than a *Carmen Amabæum* sung by Roman Improvisatori; we should have had some courtesies, some complaisance, some pleasant incidents, some *mutua convicia*, the gradual reconciliation, and the parting good friends. Even yet, if Mr. Morritt replies to Mr. B. I trust that he will not lose sight of the mildness of a true scholar. I should be very sorry to see him so far influenced by any man, as to stalk forth, at this stage of the controversy, with the boasts of a Salmasius; or, to repeat the B. C.'s fears of the dreadful consequences of Mr. B.'s Egyptian hints, his fears for poor chronology, history, and, I had almost said, for revelation.

Sir R. Steele, in his *Tender Husband*, introduces Mr. Humphrey Gubbin, complaining that his parents have kept him

back, for "he is sure that he was born the very year the pigeon house was built, and *every body* knew the pigeon house was twenty-three years old." Now, though *every body* had once taken for granted the age of Humphry Gubbin's pigeon house, yet I cannot conceive how any doubts about its situation, started two hundred years after his death, could destroy all calculation of the ages of his and Fainlove's descendants; or how the family chapel on the estate could be endangered, because one independent farmer, older than all the other tenants, presumed to differ from them, and to *conjecture* that the pigeon house could not have stood upon one solitary hill in the farm-yard, between the draw-well and the duck-pond.

Does the B. C. think that, "Tanta est auctoritas vetustatis ut inquirere in eam scelus esse ducatur, itaque creditur ei passim\*?" I beg pardon for asking questions; the B. C. is not a *complete* Arcadian †.

\* Lactan, div. inf. lib. 2. c. 7.

† Cantare et respondere paratus.—Virg.



83. The island where Paris first landed with Helen ;

Ου γὰρ πω ποτὲ μ' ὥδε ἐρῶς φρενὰς ἀμφεκαλύψεν,

Οὐδ' ὅτε σὲ προτέρων Λακεδαιμόνος ἐξ ἐρατεινῆς

Ἐπλεον ἀρπάξας ἐν πόντοποροῖσι νέεσσι,

Νησῶ δ' ἐν ΚΡΑΝΑΗ ἐμίγην φιλοτῆτι καὶ εὐνῇ.

*Homer. Il. Γ. 442.*

84. Extemplo Æneae solvuntur frigore membra,

Ingemit, &c. &c.

*Æneid. 1. 92.*

85. Speluncam Dido dux et Trojanus eandem

Deveniunt—

*Æneid. 4. 165.*

86. CEnone.



87. The destruction of the tomb of Laomedon, which stood upon the Scœan gate, was one of the fatalities of Troy. The Trojans themselves demolished it when they made a breach in the walls to introduce the wooden horse.

88. ——— regis quoque filia monstro

Poscitur æquoreo, quam dura ad saxa revinctam

Vindicat Alcides, promissaq munera poscit.

*Ovid. Met. lib. 11.*

THE END.



